

New York Tribune.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1913.

Owned and published daily by The Tribune Association, a New York corporation. Ogden M. Reid, President; Conde Hamlin, Secretary; James M. Barrett, Treasurer. Address: Tribune Building, No. 154 Nassau street, New York.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—By Mail, Postage Paid, outside of Greater New York.
Daily and Sunday, 1 mo. \$ 7.50 Daily only, 6 months \$ 3.00
Daily and Sunday, 6 mos. 4.25 Daily only, 1 year 5.00
Daily and Sunday, 1 year 8.50 Sunday only, 6 months 1.25
Daily only, 1 month .50 Sunday only, 1 year 2.50

FOREIGN RATES.—DAILY AND SUNDAY:
One month \$1.25 One year \$12.50
SUNDAY ONLY:
Six months .60 One year 1.25
DAILY ONLY:
One month .64 One year 6.14
SUNDAY ONLY:
One month .12 One year 1.25

Entered at the Postoffice at New York as Second Class Matter.

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The Voters To-day May Relieve City and State of the Shame of Murphy Domination.

This is the voters' day. Never before have they had an opportunity to go into the voting booth with a clearer, cleaner cut issue—decent government versus Tammany Hall government. Never before have they had such detailed and comprehensive knowledge of what Tammany Hall government means in this city and the state. Never before has every decent voter with the interest of his city at heart had a keener incentive to demolish a rotten political machine and detach the grip of the contractor gang from the treasury.

A vote for Messrs. Mitchell, Prendergast and McAneny means support for honest men, efficient men, unbossed men, tried public servants who have been important instruments in giving this city the best administration it has ever had. With them in office the city departments will do the work they are designed to do for the public benefit, and every dollar spent will purchase a dollar's worth of public service. There will be no "insiders" with political pull, and no "smug and sleek" plunderers of the people will get their fingers into the till.

A vote for the Tammany ticket means an expression of approval of Murphy and all that he favors and fosters. A vote for the Tammany ticket means support for men who consult "the Chief" before they take official action, and follow his dictates. It means government from the Wigwag, or Delmonico's, or Good Ground. It means a Police Department demoralized by the interference of political heifers. It means a "wide open" town for all the vicious elements of a community which fatten on vice and crime and lawbreaking. It means every city department turned over to the "insiders" and the fattening of the grafting contractor gang at public expense, while the taxes mount sky high and the public service goes to the dogs.

Of all this the developments of the campaign have furnished the proof. The fusion nominees show a record of borough governments run at a saving as compared with previous administrations, and a budget for the coming year which means a reduction in the tax rate in Manhattan. Tammany presents as its candidate for Mayor "the Chief's" messenger boy, and as its candidate for Controller a political henchman whose chief campaign argument is a promise to parcel out all the jobs at his disposal to the organization heifers. Lest the lesson be not learned, it digs up in some fresh fashion each day the shame of the Sulzer impeachment—the grewsome spectacle of the machine crushing its own product because the miserable Sulzer would not aid a wholesale looting of the state treasury by the contractor gang and the Tammany job hunters.

A vote against the Tammany candidates, from Mayor right down the list to aldermen, is the only proper and adequate answer to the issue which Murphy and his crew have presented to the public of this city. A vote against Murphy's candidates for the Assembly upstate will afford those who live outside New York an opportunity to register their sentiments on corrupt bossism. With Murphy decisively defeated to-day in the municipal election and one branch of the Legislature torn from his clutches New York State may hold up her head again, relieved of the shame and disgrace which Tammany domination inevitably implies.

Working for Clean Bread.

Health Commissioner Lederle's campaign for sanitary bakeries is like the campaign for pure milk and has a similar object—the protection of the health of the community. Employees who make and handle bread are to be compelled to wear special clothes while working, as are milkers for the best dairies. In order to be certain that the rules are complied with examination by proper inspectors will be adopted.

Some of the most terrible diseases—notably typhoid fever—can be conveyed by articles of food. As bread and milk are the two great staples of diet the utmost pains should be taken to guarantee their reaching the consumer free from contamination.

At present there is said to be a lack of money properly to enforce the new law. If so, a prompt response to Commissioner Lederle's request for an ample appropriation should be made.

The Truth That Has Wounded Mr. McCall.

Even Mr. McCall's friends are grieved over his showing in the campaign now ended. Put forward as a reliable, steady-going man of affairs, he has shown himself an insensible, ill-tempered campaigner, whose manners were as poor as his logic.

Why this unexpected failure? Simply and solely, an impartial observer must think, because Mr. McCall could not stand the truth in the shafts which were aimed at him. Where a man with a clear conscience would have instantly and indignantly denied charges and then pursued his own course, Mr. McCall hemmed and hawed and finally exploded in a burst of abuse.

Whether Mr. McCall actually deluded himself as to the propriety of his career would be an interesting question for the psychologist. Here was a man of education and breeding lending the cloak of his respectability to a foul and vicious organization. He had plenty of company in his stand. Tammany has never lacked a goodly array of just such respectable fronts. But—is it right?

While the comfortable jobs last and all goes smoothly such a career may seem defensible. But when the cloak is stripped off and the whole venal partnership between respectability and vice stands disclosed, does it seem as well worth while? We suspect that Mr. McCall, despite his virtu-

perative attacks upon the press, already feeling the truth of the fact that no man can disgrace a name but he who bears it.

The Murphy Landslide.

With the light-hearted grace of a very unwell elephant Mr. Murphy jests about his end. "Unanimous" was his earliest prediction of Mr. McCall's election. Then a plurality of 150,000 seemed about right. Yesterday, when asked if he cared to change this figure, he smiled widely and observed:

No—except to say that it will be a landslide. "Landslide" strikes us as an unintended hit. Such a general slipping of the Fourteenth Street landscape is exactly the object that the voters have in mind. If when the slipping is over Mr. Murphy should turn up safe and sound in Europe or some other place of equal remoteness and security we can assure him that the City of New York will be quite content.

Crisis and Precedent in Mexico.

Mexican affairs are again said to be nearing a crisis. Whatever turn they may take, the situation is by no means unprecedented. Between fifty and sixty years ago, in the days of Comonfort, Zuloaga, Miramon and Juarez, there were frequent revolutions, recognition of *de facto* Presidents was refused by the United States, and confidential agents were sent to Mexico by our government. Also there was much talk of armed intervention—Buchanan specifically recommended it in 1859—in circumstances of at least as great provocation as the present; but it never amounted to more than talk.

In all the troubled history of our Mexican relations there is perhaps nothing more fitting for remembrance at this time by all whom it may concern than the dictum of Mr. Seward, at what was for both Mexico and the United States the supreme crisis of the century, when he reminded the Mexican government that peace, order and constitutional authority in each and all of the American republics were "not exclusively an interest of any one of them, but a common and indispensable interest of them all." That is a particularly good thing to be remembered just now at both Mexico City and Washington.

Less Speed and Less Danger.

Another death was charged to the automobile mail truck on Sunday, making a total of nine in the short time in which these huge machines have been in use in this city. In this case, as in all the others, observers of the accident said the car was running through a crowded street at high speed.

It is a matter of common knowledge that these trucks, on their way to and from the General Post-office, are driven at a rate of speed hardly exceeded by anything in this city save the speed which "Fire Chief Croker's" car used to attain on its way to a big blaze. They are so big and unwieldy that a sudden stop or any delicate maneuvering in efforts to save an unwary pedestrian or avoid collision with some other vehicle is out of the question. It is, of course, important that the mails be transported quickly and certainly. One human life, however, is worth more than the few minutes' extra time which would have to be tacked to the schedules to enable the reckless drivers to go slowly enough to have their machines under control. As they are run now they constitute a grave menace in all parts of the city. There is no warrant in the importance or supposed sanctity of the postal business for this. The public would gladly take less speed and less danger.

Pay-as-You-Go State Departments.

Armed with a practical knowledge of the state's business obtained during his service as Controller, Governor Glynn has announced a specific plan to effect economies—a pay-as-you-go system for the state departments which aims to do away with the supply bill and deficiency appropriations. It goes without saying that he and his department heads will have a hard job getting this system in operation. Nevertheless, it is one well worth trying and one well worth perfecting if trial shows it as applicable to department business as it seems at first glance.

At present the budget system, a comparatively new thing for the state, is far from perfect. Lump sum appropriations are obtained, and money is spent sometimes before it is appropriated. Governor Glynn wants to substitute for this budget system so definite and detailed that each department head can show just what he ought to have and be held to his appropriation without emergency additions by way of the supply bill. Along with this is to go a report to the State Controller by each department head, showing proposed expenditures in excess of \$1,000 before the money is spent. Of course, all this would cut out the "pork" which hides in the lump sum appropriations—jobs for the "insiders" and emergency contracts at fat figures. Governor Glynn proposes to apply to the state's business the principle which the fusion Board of Estimate has applied with signal success to this city's affairs. It ought to work as well in Albany as here.

For a Drydock at Last.

It is gratifying to know, on the authority of Mr. R. A. C. Smith himself, that the Dock Department is at last making plans to construct in this city a drydock capable of containing any ship that visits this port—that is to say, the biggest in the world. So far as disclosed, these plans indicate a dock that will be particularly efficient and at the same time economical in use, in a convenient situation.

The need of such an establishment at this port has frequently been urged in these columns. It has always seemed to us discreditable and anomalous that the chief port of this continent should be without some of the most fundamental and essential needs of commerce. New York has, as Mr. Smith observes, the most wonderful natural port in the world. It ought to have the most complete artificial equipment in the world, and the completion of the dock now planned will be an important step toward that end.

"Hoch! Der Herzog!"

The new Duke of Brunswick, whose entry to his capital, accompanied by his bride, was yesterday effected with much splendor and popular enthusiasm, reigns over a small but prosperous state. The "Herzogthum Braunschweig" is a little larger and a little less populous than Rhode Island, and is divided into no fewer than nine disconnected portions, communication among which is had across alien territory. But it is uncommonly rich in agriculture, forestry, mining and manufactures, and its sausages are as famous throughout Germany as frankfurters are here!

Its history, from the days of Henry the Lion, has been more checkered than distinguished. It has

THE M'CALL BOY STOOD ON THE BURNING DECK.



undergone many vicissitudes, but has seldom played any brilliant part in German politics. It sent some mercenaries to aid King George in our revolution. It was annexed by Napoleon to the preposterous Kingdom of Westphalia, but regained its sovereignty under "Brunswick's fated chieftain" who fell at Quatre Bras. Although it fought with Prussia in 1870, it was denied the succession of its duke in 1884 because he happened to be also the claimant of the Hanoverian crown.

Perhaps, on the whole, the present incident is the most significant in its history, marking as it does the composure of the long feud between the houses of Guelph and Hohenzollern and the ending—probably—of the Guelph agitation in German politics.

THE TALK OF THE DAY.

The last time Augustus Thomas, the playwright, went to a dinner of the Hoboken Chowder Club (noted for its hospitality more than its views on national questions) he was assigned to the rear of the speakers' list to "bring up the retreat from Moscow," as he put it. One of the speakers made a stab at Democratic politics, and the chairman turned on Thomas:

"I'm going to call on you next," he whispered hoarsely.
"Don't do it," begged Thomas.
"I will," replied the chairman, "it is the proper zoological moment!"

The Book Agent—Can't I sell you a copy of this book on etiquette? It explains good manners and polite usages.
The Prospect—Don't want it. I don't have to be polite. I'm married.—Chicago News.

POLITICAL REAL ESTATE.

(McCall says the paramount issue of the campaign is the condition of New York City real estate.)

By heck, that's so; that's surely so.
For never was there more
Of New York real estate involved
In politics before.
The Democrats have gone to it
As though they could not find
Another issue, large or small,
So suited to their mind,
And they are slinging mud around
As though our real estate
Were cheap campaign material
They'd got at acreage rate.
W. J. LAMPTON.

"How did Borum get his reputation as a raconteur? His stories are not amusing and he doesn't tell them very well."
"No. But he can laugh at them in a way that makes him sound like a crowd."—Washington Star.

"Who shall I say is asking for him?" inquired Central of the man in the booth.
"Mr. O'Coen."
"Mr. Who?"
"O'Coen."
"Wait a minute—the wires are crossed."

Tommy—Pop, what is a skeptic?
Tommy's Pop—A skeptic, my son, is a man who doesn't believe the good things he hears about himself.—Philadelphia Record.

CLEAR AS MUD.

"I gave it back! I gave it back!"
The Chief unwinkingly said.
"I gave it back to Brady;
Poor Brady, he is dead!"
"Was any witness present?"
Was any record made?
No witness and no record;
In cash the whole was paid.
"I thought it over fully,
And so made up my mind
It would be wrong to keep it;
It had to be declined."
"No Tammany man would question
My motive or the fact;
But if he does, I'll bet you,
Like Sulzer, he'll be sacked!"
W. A. H.

"Is she very much in love with him?"
"Very. She still believes it is the other fellow's fault when he stays out late at night."—Detroit Free Press.

THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN

An Open Forum for Public Debate.

THE M'CALL POLICY

What Personal Liberty Would Mean to Racetracks and Poolrooms.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: As an indication of what may be expected should the Tammany ticket be elected, and in line with these words of Mr. Edward E. McCall, "Personal liberty of the greatest degree shall be enforced by our administration," I would cite the following remarks made by one of the speakers at the McCall noonday meeting at Battery Park one day this week.

"If you elect the fusion ticket you will get what the people down in Maine got when they elected a lot of hymn singing, Bible loving, churchgoing, straight backed Christians, who shut up the saloons and other places and drove a lot of people out of business. Now, we don't want nothing of this kind down here. Open up the saloons and the racetracks and the poolrooms, and give a man a chance to make a living."

Now, couple the above with Mr. McCall's words, and you have the Tammany idea of how the city should be governed and an idea of what threatens its life. Can any man who believes in decency, in morality and in making this city a fit place to live in vote the Tammany ticket?
C. R. GEORGE.

Brooklyn, Nov. 1, 1913.

FROM A BRONX PROGRESSIVE

He Rebukes His Leader for Rejecting Mr. Mathewson.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: I do not hold any brief from Mr. D. Mathewson, but as a Progressive I enter my earnest protest against such leadership of my party (National Progressive) as is being given by Mr. Schwartzler, of this district, who is jeopardizing the cause of good government by putting up his man Raldisir, for no other reason than his own personal interest, and I hope that all Progressives will repudiate his leadership and bull-headedness and vote for Mr. Mathewson.

It seems to me that the Chicago lesson has been lost on Mr. Schwartzler, and the sooner he steps down and out of the Progressive party in The Bronx the better for the party.

WILLIAM G. MARSHALL,
No. 42 East 136th street, New York,
Nov. 3, 1913.

THE WESTCHESTER FIGHT

A Republican Resents the Progressive Invasion.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: Bainbridge Colby, the third term enthusiast who spoke at the Auditorium in this city last night, was much of a disappointment to all fair and impartial citizens who went to hear him discuss the live issues of the day.

Eliminating the flippant tirade which he visited upon the party of Jefferson, Tilden, Cleveland and Wilson and the party of Lincoln, Grant, McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft, his speech fell little short of being flat, and certainly was far from being illuminating, constructive and convincing to the unbiased seeker of truth, progress and civic righteousness.

It was, however, interesting, from a theatrical point of view, to see him rant and rave over the widespread belief in Westchester County that the third term bosses had sold out the Bull Moose constituents to Tammany Hall for a mess of pottage in the form of two minor county offices.

He professed ignorance of the personnel of the local Bull Moose candidates for city offices. He deemed it unnecessary to make any inquiries about their character and ability so long as they were dyed-in-the-wool, ranting and roaring third termers; no matter whether they

were or were political bosses, perpetual office-seekers, suffragettes, calamity howlers, pharisees, publicans, ex-Democrats, ex-Prohibitionists, ex-Republicans, socialists or any old thing, so long as they bore the Bull Moose shibboleth on their foreheads they were welcome in Armageddon! No questions would be asked. They would all be given a halo and white caps and gowns and pronounced bona public! What amazing political uplift! Tread gently, with hats off, over the ground they cover!

The good, sane people of Westchester County will decide on November 4 just what will be best for Mount Vernon and this county. Rest assured that fair play will win out and that this country is not immediately going to the demitition town-ways simply because some few dark-visaged political bosses and would-be reformers say so.
OBSERVER.
Mount Vernon, N. Y., Oct. 31, 1913.

VOTE FOR MR. HOPPER

The Fusion Candidate for Register Is Warmly Praised.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: On the fourth day of November next we are to elect a Register of the County of New York. The anti-Tammany candidate is John J. Hopper, an independent Democrat. We need such men as he is in public office now more than ever. He has been identified for the last twenty-five years with all movements for clean politics and honest government, giving much time and contributing liberally to the financial support of all reform movements in a diffident manner, free from self-interest. Space in your valuable paper would not permit of me dwelling upon his many noble qualities; suffice it to say that he has endeared himself to all who know him in the Harlem section, where he was born. This honor should be conferred upon him for his personal worth, as well as to his correctness of principles.
CHARLES HEYMANN,
New York, Nov. 1, 1913.

A SOCIALIST OUTBREAK

For Not Reporting Speeches Newspapers Are Called Cowards.

To the Editor of The Tribune.
Sir: An election in this great city, one of the greatest in the world, an election only second in importance to a national one, of momentous importance to the electorate of a municipality greater in number than many states of the Union, yet reduced to a dirty and disgraceful squabble among a lot of mere politicians, that to believe any of them, and I believe them all, when they speak of one another, are crooks and criminals, grafters and graceless scoundrels.

The whole disgusting shindy, egged on by a press united in one thing, no matter how partisan and antagonistic they may be against opponents, united in the pay of the powers that prey, in the conspiracy of silence against the only party in the field with an atom of honesty in its platform or a trace of it in the candidates that stand upon it. Meetings of thousands of earnest liberty loving American citizens paying their way to hear the truth and help it sustain itself and a cause that shall yet redeem the country and the world.

What paper of this city gave a word of the great meetings in the Hippodrome, Madison Square Garden, Carnegie Hall and other great forums of the city, at which Charles Edward Russell, the Socialist candidate for Mayor, presided or spoke?

One may read all the billingsgate and platitudinous rubbish of other candidates; he may, if he has the patience and stomach, wade through columns devoted to some fool society function, a prizefight, divorce scandal or mere murder episodes, but no paper of the average New Yorker

date print even as news the sayings of a Socialist or tell of the growth of Socialists' leavening ideas.

Cowards when you are not liars!
A MICHIGAN MAN.
New York, Nov. 3, 1913.

A PROGRESSIVE REPLY

Assemblyman Schaap Answers Republican Charges.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: As a candidate of the Progressive and Independence League parties for reelection to the Assembly from the 31st District, perhaps I should be permitted a little space to answer the attack upon me in the letter of one I. A. Schiller, published in your issue of to-day. Mr. Schiller, evidently speaking for the Republican organization, admits that my record is "fair," but asks: "How does he (Mr. Schaap) explain his connection with Tammany Hall for a number of years and his present standing in the Owaseo Club, a Tammany Hall subsidiary?" My connection with Tammany Hall needs no explanation beyond the fact that I was always an enrolled Democrat of a very progressive type until the organization of the Progressive party, of which I was one of the first members. Though a member of the Democratic organization, I never took any active part in politics beyond acting on one occasion as a watcher at the primaries. My "present standing in the Owaseo Club, a Tammany Hall subsidiary," is simply a campaign fiction. I was never a member of that club and am not now, and have no standing there whatever. The whole Republican organization in our district knows it, but have been using this, as they have other slanders, in an effort to defeat me, because, as Progressive leader in the Assembly, I attacked the Republican organization as well as Tammany Hall. As for my vote in the Cohalan matter, suffice it that more than half the Republican members voting on the question voted exactly as I did.

Doubtless Mr. Schiller would think more of me if for purposes of political expediency I had voted to remove an official against my conscientious conclusions, but the Citizens Union, which may be credited with as high a conception of public duty as the Republican organization of this district, has advised the voters as follows: "On the strength of his record in the 1912 Legislature, the voters of the 31st Assembly District, irrespective of party, should return Mr. Schaap to the Assembly. In his single term he conclusively demonstrated his capacity as a lawmaker. His district cannot afford to lose the services of so efficient a representative."

We defeated the Republican candidate for Assembly last year more than three to one, and obtained more votes than the combined Democratic and Republican strength. We shall prove this time that our "vaunted confidence" is not misplaced by triumphantly repeating the experience of last year.
MICHAEL SCHAAP.
New York, Nov. 3, 1913.

CAMPAIGN COMMENT.

A cheerful sign in the New York Mayoralty campaign is that Tammany is getting mad enough to threaten to bring libel suits.—Boston Herald.

Mr. McCall was reluctant in the first place to accept Murphy's nomination for Mayor of New York. It was stated, and now he realizes anew every day how completely his misgivings were justified.—Syracuse Herald.

So neither Mr. Sulzer nor Mr. Murphy would accept Anthony N. Brady's money. Perhaps it was from the shock that Mr. Brady died.—Syracuse Post-Standard.

The public is still uninformed as to whether Mr. Sulzer has resigned or been expelled from the Tammany Society. The inference is that he is not now a member.—Rochester Post-Express.